

THE Faithful Lovers of the West.

Come joyn with me all you that Love,
And faithful to each other prove:

To the Tune of, *As I walke forth to take the Air.*



Example take by this my Song,
All you that stand within this Throng.

By William Blunt en.



Why should I thus complain, on thee
So cruelly thou murderest me,
For unto thee it is well known,
Thou art the Maid I love alone,

In none but thee I take delight,
I think on thee both day and night;
I give to thee my heart away,
Do not with hatred me repay,

When first thy sweet face I did see,
I thought that none was like to thee;
I wish I had not seen the day,
When first thou stol'st my heart away.

Hard is thy heart, harder then steel,
Colder then Ice, that frost congeal;
How many thousand times doth make,
My heart to bleed for thy sweet sake.

I was forewarned by thine eyes,
Of thy most killing Cruelties,
But Cupid hath so blinded me,
Now I shall dye for love of thee;

But O how good had been my case,
That I had never seen thy face,
My captive heart had then been free,
But now I can love none but thee.

When I am dead, this thou wilt say,
That I have cast my love away;
Too late 'twill be then to complain,
If that you do, it's all in vain.

Therefore my dearest Love comply,
And ease me of this cruelty;
Let not me dye in this despair,
But grant thy love to me my dear.



The Maids Answer.

Doubt not my Love, nor do not fear,
Thou art the man that I love dear,
I did but try thy constancy,
For I do love no man but thee.

Then grieve no more, nor yet complain,
Thy love to me is not in vain:
For constant I will ever be,
And I do love no man but thee.

Why shouldst thou say thy heart will break,
And all for love of my sweet sake,
I constant to thee still will prove,
As ever was the Turtle Dove.

Nothing shall part my Love and I,
Until the very day we dye:
We'll live in love, and so agree,
As man and wife they ought to be.

The Young-Mans Answer.

O thanks be to the Heavens above,
Now I have gain'd my dearest Love,
Thy words doth me so much revive,
I am the happiest man alive.

Come let us to the Church away,
And married be without delay:
Although our Portions be but small,
True love is better worth then all.

So hand in hand away they went,
And had their parents free consent:
The music then most sweet did play,
And thus ended their Wedding day.

Young-men and maids in love agree,
And let this song a pattern be:
The price you know it is but small,
A penny a piece, and take them all.

FINIS.

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